UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1108.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

LINES.

To the Memory of JAMES WALTON, late of Sybery, in Rugby, who fell a victim to the cholera.

Peace to the spirit of the good departed,
Peace to the soul of one we held as dear:
Peace to their memory, while the gentle hearted,
Peace to a friend beloved both far and near.

Thou who on oft wast wont to spread the warning
Of ope departed, at of people without doors;
Then see shall hear at thy fatal morning,
And follow'd all thy warnings to the tomb.

Oh! what a breach a mate within our borders—
A vacant habitation, where we used to meet:
Our ranks seem thinner almost into disorder;
While famed and found with hundred service greet.

Or did'st thou just the messengers of glory,
A most "companion" on their holy way—
Cherish'd the prudent—comforted the heavy,
And aped them onward "to the perfect day."

Oh! the the world would follow thy example—
Would look to the glories of the world beyond;
They'd reap a joy absolutely more ample,
And hope to meet thee in the realms of God.

But ah! the frailty!—Ah! the very weakness!—
The universal apathy of men!
How few admit the means of my awakening:—
How seldom may we meet thy like again.

Deeply we mourn for one we loved so dearly;
The loss has left a void—a void indeed,
I were no dream!—I speak, I think sincerely,
The sentiment of all who knew thy worth.

Long shall we hear the tone we have borne thee,
And cherish long the memory of thee:
Oh! let the mantle that did once adorn thee
Rest on us all!—that may it rest on me.

Ah! where's my confidence that I much longer
Upon this stage of action shall remain?
Why is the hope, our God on for a stronger
So fondly cherish'd in the world of pain?

May we take warning by those your before us,
And make our calling and election sure;
Before the fatal hand of death comes o'er us,
May we be crowned before the throne of grace.

Then can we meet "the messenger" with gladness—
Meet him with open and expansive arms—
He's coming about me within the heart with softness,
He speaks indeed the righteous never harms.

Peace to thy hand—thy mouth and gentle spirit,
And peace indeed to the righteous dead
A modern of joy shall there inherit,
Crown of glory rest upon thy head.

10 mo. 7th, 1842. R.

Original Novel.

HERBERT TRACY; OR, The Legend of the Black Rangers.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY G. LIPPARD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PHILIPPE DE AGRAMONT, &c. &c."

Antonio.—Shall the Powers stay the fleet?
Cascade.—As dark and deep as the Styx flows this river!

War, universal war, ruthless and maiden'd
Invades the land—Arch Hate—Revenge—Strife
With restless envy and widely wanton round.
The household gods of peace are left in ruins
Of author'd hopes and crushed affections
While discord triumphs—Man is driven
In frenzy, of contending principle
Mark him defiled, war, the horse and the rein
Of dark rebellion and of civil war.
Smears the brother from the bosom of his father.
And hatches unholy hopes in the embrace of—
Charles or Oliver! Old MSS.

CHAPTER I.—THE QUAKER AND HIS DAME.

"Those be troublous times, dame,—these be troublous times!" said the Quaker, as he laid down the paper from his mouth, and drew his chair nearer to the cheerful flame that blazed upon the hearth. "The October night is cool—and with the fire in comfortable mind me not of a season, when the month opened with such a whipping frost—and yet the woods of the quiet Wissahickon were dyed with it. Those are the times—those—how they not think so, Hannah?"

"I no, Josh," replied the Quaker dame, smoothing a coarse coat of her spouse with her hand; "I do think that the times are full of trouble. What with the men of war, with their flaunting red dresses, with their war horses and their trumpets—and with their drums, their cannons and their weapons of war; our quiet house on the Wissahickon, in a quiet house no longer. But our Father in heaven will see to it."

The Quaker farmer took his pipe from his mouth, sent a volume of tobacco-smoke rolling to the rafters of the apartment, and then, with a distinct "hem!" resumed his meditative heavy again.

"I only, Josh, there is not a window of our habitation, from which we may not, literally to the truth, trace of those men of strife. Well, do I remember the time when first they took me to be thy wedded wife; then there was used to go cheerfully to the field, to thy labor in the morning, and I could take my bread, and scone my penser in quietness, without a great fear, like the fellow of a cockatrice, lurking in the wood, and taking what he pleased for his own, and picking at our daughter Marjorie as though he meant no good. Well do I mind me of the time—but was then not over to Germantown this afternoon, Josh?" The Quaker nodded assent. "Did thee hear anything new of the men Cornwallis, or ought of George Washington?"

"I found the village people much affrighted. Some were running to and fro in the streets—outside and within, talking loudly and calling their neighbors 'Whig' and 'Tory,' and all were running to and fro, in great confusion and much fear. Whether that what all this meant—and verily the village people answered, that the man Cornwallis, who has posted his scarlet men, across the village, and the country round about Chew, to the Delaware on one side, and through our quiet woods along to the Wissahickon on the other, did purpose even misguided to the men of rig-fashion Washington. But I couldn't get head nor tail of the story. But of a certainty shall we have trouble shortly, Hannah."

"I think that I expected that what all this meant to poor, Josh," replied the dame, and then both farmer and his wife appeared to give themselves up to the melancholy subject which they had predicted. The whole scene was one of Pennsylvania's olden time. The blazing light of the hickory fire, flickering round the apartment, and the cheerful aspect of the face of the Quaker and the dame, in bold relief, and mingling with the shadow of the setting sun, which streamed through the little window, and fell in the manner which formed the ceiling of the spacious room; the snow-white walls and neatly sanded floor; the stakes hide in one corner, the shelves of many quaint but burnished pewter,—all were characteristic of that quiet, domestic life, so rarely discovered in any place, save under the green trees and pleasant shade of the country.

The farmer was in the prime of vigorous manhood, with a short, square nose, a wide mouth with thin lips, prominent chin, high cheek bones and a dark gray eye, sparkling and with a frame of great muscular power, and physical strength, long and sinewy arms, and prominent chest whose ample development the loose gray coat, with its wide cape and long skirts, could not altogether conceal. You would have picked him out in a crowd, as the man to head a party of Quakers, taller than anyone but the quiet friend, whose theory and practice alike shunned the toils and bustle of war.

His dame was full and portly in figure, with a calico plaid gown, and light blue eyes, expressive of a mild and domestic disposition. Her hair was half concealed by the plain cap of the Quaker sect, and her gown was modelled with the invariable simplicity of line and shape, peculiar to the sisters of the peaceloving and fate-shunning society.

"In truth, Hannah," exclaimed Josh after a pause, as he laid down his pipe and extending his hands to receive the cheerful warmth of the flame, he gazed with a complacent glance around the spacious arch of the fire-place, "in truth, Hannah, we have taken upon evil times. The sword of war hangs over the land, the dust of the highways is laid with the blood of our neighbors and worldly things are the gayest streams run crimson, with the butchery of the men of strife. The war puts father and son, husband and wife, mother and child."

"Yea," responded Hannah, from the other side of the fire-place. "There is the rich Englishman Tracy, whose mansion is pitched on the rock, that looks down into the vale of the Wissahickon, beyond the bend—father side of Rittenhouse's Mill—did he not cast his son from him at the very outset, because of his fatherly love and affection, because he favored the men of George Washington! Marry, Josh, I often wonder, what has become of the poor youth, who hath his father's curse upon him?"

"I learned 'mother day, from some friends of Washington, that Herbert Tracy, that delicately reared youth, joined the Continentals last winter, with a number of his fathers tenants; and I likewise learned that he escaped the effects of wickedness and slept on the bare earth as cheerfully, as the humblest of Washington's people. The son of our neighbor—Henry Hall, unexpectedly called Harry Hall, was with the young man Tracy."

The last sentence was uttered by the Quaker, with a covert glance at the countenance of his wife, through which he expected the name of the young farmer to excite some interest in her mind. He was not disappointed, for the Quakeress gave a quick, impatient start, and exclaimed, with the rapid and hurried manner, peculiar to the keenest anxiety—Josh, what didst thee hear of the young man Hall? Didst thee see him or with no harm? He was a good youth, albeit somewhat wild. Why did thee not tell me of this matter? I should be sorry, were harm to come to him, for, for—"

"For he hath made offers of marriage to our daughter Marjorie, that would say? Nay, nay, dame, you're be alive and well, standing at this moment before me, he might not make his bet with our child. There was a time when I had hoped that he, when I thought he would be one of us, and assume the peaceful garb of the Friends—but no sooner did young Tracy go to the wars, than Harry meant he of the red, and light red and thread, I warrant thee, with the sword of them. Nay, nay, Hannah—"

"Well, if it must be so, it must. I fear thee speaketh truth. But in verity it is painful to think, how much trouble and strife among kindred and friend, this dreadful war has made. Here is Tracy, the daughter of old Waldham, whose country seat is on the Ridge Road near the Falls of Schuylkill; he is rich, and will not consider, that young man Josh; she, the maiden his daughter, was to be married to young Tracy, when the quarrel occurred between father and son, and now she is driven off, Josh—"

"Yea, I do remember, that Gertrude Waldham was to be married to our captain before he joined the Continentals."

"Who is his nephew! I never heard him spoken of before, Henry."

"Why, Josh, none is Wellwood Tracy—he's a Britisher born, he's a lieutenant among the redcoats. Old Tracy says that he shall inherit his estate when he dies. That's a father for you—to cast off his natural born son—but what's that fellow grumbling about!"

"This way, this way," muttered the intoxicated fellow, opening himself from his resting place under the table and gazing around with a vacant stare, which showed plainly that his thoughts were not at all connected with the scene before him. "This way—pon—in—isn't far. Two miles only along the Wissahiken. You know where old Tracy lives! They're to be married at eight o'clock—fine party—plenty of drink—the lieutenant's a glorious fellow. Hurrah—at 'em." And then the drunken soldier performed various imaginary feats, such as swinging the sword of Continentals, emptied imaginary bottles, and sang very peculiar poetical selections.

"Very well, my fellow—very well," exclaimed Harry Hall, looking complacently at the muttering soldier. "Very well—that's just what I wanted to know. Ten to Marjorie!"

Drawing the blushing pet apart, Harry whispered in her ear, in a low tone of voice, and which gave a most delightful color to the cheek of the fair girl, and brought a livelier blush upon her budding cheek.

"What d'ye think o' the plan, Marjorie?"

"I really," replied the damsel, "really, Harry, I think," she continued hesitatingly. "That is I like it very well, but—but," the rest of her reply was lost in a whisper.

"Henry, what did they say to our daughter?" exclaimed the astute Quaker. "Really it seemeth to me—"

"Never mind, uncle—nothing wrong—nothing wrong. Hist! there is the signal of my comrade that he's below. I must be off, but I'll not stay for good bye, for dead or alive you'll hear from me soon. Now be old Tracy and old Waldham!"

In the next instant the young Ranger seized his rifle from the fire-place and rushed out of the room, as a clear shrill whistle was heard without, leaving the aged Quaker and the purport of those mysterious whispered words as best she might.

CHAPTER II.—THE BLACK RANGERS.

The plan of my story makes it necessary to picture to the reader, two distinct scenes or incidents which occurred on the same evening of the commencement of the tale, at the hour of sunset in the country around the village of Germantown. Now for the first incident.

As the last gleam of sunset gleamed through the foliage of a long line of towering elm and chesnut trees, which bordered the Ridge road, and which was a winding bye road, some three miles north of Chestnut Hill, a party of soldiers were pursuing their way under the autumnal trees, and along the pictorial scrub of the serpentine lane, and shielded their path and persons from any intrusive observer. The soldiers numbered about twenty men, all of whom mounted each on a stout and well limbed steed, black in hue, with flowing mane and tail. Their tall and powerful forms were clad in a dark uniform, relieved by their body, would have marked them out for observation amid the gaudy trappings of a numerous army, but their simple dress, and the color of the horses, serving closely over their prominent and muscular chests, and rested in appearance by a border of black fur around the throat, and by a similar hue of color investing running up in front, until it was terminated by the steady, upright collar, buttoned closely round the neck. A belt of dark leather, from which depended a powder horn, was slung across the breast; another belt of similar material girded the waist, supporting the scabbard of a short and straight sword; while a glittering hunting knife, with handle of the wild deer's antler, depended from the left side; and a small rifle, with barrel of elegant finish and stock of delicate carving, varied by ornaments of silver, hung at the saddle bow of each soldier. On the head, each rifleman wore a small circular fur cap, with a feather of the night-hawk, dropped to the left side, to supply the place of a plume. The countenance of the men of the band, as well fitting black boots, displaying the body proportions of each muscular leg, the bend below the knee, the prominent calf and sloping ankle were strong advantages.

Each man of the party was tall, broad chested and powerful limbed, and each bore upon his countenance the rugged features, the marks of the spear thrust, the sword cut, or the bullet wound. They were such men as would have delighted the eye of the warrior king knight of the thirteenth century, with all the wild love of adventure—all the daring courage, and all the frank, hardy qualities, which distinguished the men of the old winter phrase it—"fight for his own hand!" independent of the great body of an army. And then they were so close and steady in their movements, so strong, yet firm and erect, adapting his limbs to the movement of the horse, and guiding him without bridle or rein, by the pressure of the knee.

It would have been no easy matter to have picked men of such form, strength and stature from a regiment of common soldiers, yet the leader of the Black Rangers, who rode at their head, was to all appearance, as much superior in all these, as well as many other qualities to his own gallant band, as they were superior to the common soldiers of the army.

Tall in stature, of a form moulded with the outline of physical power softened by the graceful proportions of symmetry, agile and beauty that sculptor has cut from the mass of common men, a face cheered with the glow of youth, yet stamped with the lines of thought, Herbert Arabain Tracy was in every point of view worthy of his reputation (seen in the short compass of a year) as being one of the most gallant and the bravest, the first in the storm, the foremost in the charge, the most untiring in the pursuit, and as obnoxious to the enemy in the retreat as in the chase.

His face impressed the observer with a high idea of the intelligence expressed in each feature. His forehead, high and pale, and bearing the wrinkles of thought, was relieved by his dark, jet black hair which fell in luxuriant locks over his neck and shoulders. His eyes, of dark hue and thoughtful blackness which is ever accompanied by strong physical endurance, the tools of the living frame from under his strongly arched and overhanging eyebrows, with a clear, steady glance, that told of old mountain sterling up within him, and prospects of the future, which were to be realized by his own energies.

His nose was small and Grecian, his mouth of the most exquisite lips; but which was small, prominent, open and decided. His chin, while the general contour of his face was in harmony with the regular lines of manly beauty.

As to his dress, he wore the uniform of his band, the black frock coat, edged with fur; the boots of a similar hue; the small sword was suspended from his left side; the hunting knife was in its sheath at his belt, and a small chain of burnished steel passed over his left shoulder, supporting a light hunting horn of silver, which was slung at his back, and which he could suddenly unslung with his left arm. In place of the feather of the night-hawk worn by his men, his cap wore in front, and fastened by a small golden clasp, a single eagle's feather, of the bird which is the emblem of his native land.

A dozen, a bright retinue of his early days was now present with his fancy, and the sunny glades and the shady recesses of the Wissahiken were again traversed with him, and again he wandered through the forests that overhead the worldshiken—"I am to wed with that father, from whose heart and home he was now a stranger and an outcast.

And then came the memory of the bitter day, when his father's curse fell upon his ears. The old Quaker's small library-room in which the deceasings of his boyhood had been fed with additional fancies from the pictured of the leaves of romance. The dull night of November day came through the solitary window of the apartment, and again, with words of eloquent pathos, his father, by birth, an Englishman, and a Loyalist from principle, endeavored to convince his son of the rectitude of the cause of Royalty and its intimate connection with his future prospects and expectations. For after a life of voluntary exile from his native land, after burying his mind and intention for years amid the shades of the Wissahiken, while his heart was eating itself away with deep broodings of one of the last descendants of an honored line, contrary to compulsive penury, Major Herbert Waldingford Tracy found himself suddenly placed by the death of various intermediate heirs, but one remove from the Earldom of Waldingford, whose domains were located in one of the fairest counties of England, where his ancestors, a long and honored line, had lived and flourished since the Conquest. On the death of the present spoil and childless Earl, Major Tracy would become Lord of Waldingford, and his wife, whose mind and heart he had often contrasted with all a parent's love, would after his decease, succeed to the title and estates of the ancient house, to all, save the father himself, reversed glory and honor to the records of the venerable line.

But all his hopes, the hopes of a bold, strong mind, and a fearfully ambitious man, soured by the disappointments of youth into a misanthrope, were met at the very outset, by the plain, candid, and fearless declaration of his son, that he could not draw his sword against the land that gave him birth.

And then, wound up to a pitch of madness, by this utter prostration of all his ambitious dreams, the Major Tracy had thought to win royal favor for his son, by the devotion of his influence and his sword to the cause of royalty—the father raised his hand to the heaven, and with unsparering lip and steady eye, caused that son of all his hopes, and then thrust him, like an unclean thing, from the house of his fathers and the side of his betrothed. Her father, Mr. Waldham, had refused to consummate the marriage of his father with an outcast, and poor his self filled coffers at the foot of one, who was a rebel in his opinion —not in his royal mayesty George the Third—but what was to be expected of such gracious parents as the rich Squire Waldham, a rebel to all that was high and holy in religion or nature, or in other words that Herbert Tracy was a poor man.

When Herbert departed from the mansion of his infancy, it was with the determination to join the banner of Washington, and to struggle, if necessary, to his fate by a distant relative in Philadelphia, which he was now enabled to claim, having just attained his majority, and with the means of living and of fame, Captain Tracy's Mounted Rifles, the Night Hawks or the Black Rangers.

In less than a year he had gained honor and renown, and now after an absence from the home of his childhood of four months, he found himself returning toward the wilds of the Wissahiken, with the thought of his father's curse hanging heavy over his soul, and mixed broodings of the future fate of his betrothed, giving a melancholy tinge to all his feelings and fancies.

His meditations were interrupted by the voice of a war worn veteran at his side. He was a soldier of a quarter of a century's growth, and had served under Braddock in the old French wars.

"We shall have warm work of it to-morrow—Captin."

"Aye, Sergeant, we shall have warm work, most certainly."

"Trust our band will remember our trumpeter boy, Captin."

"He who was murdered some months since, you mean? Our band of gallant soldiers will never forget the services of the young trumpeter, Sergeant Brown. How far do you think we are from the British camp, Sergeant?"

"Best five miles Captin: three miles to Chestnut Hill and two from thence to Chew's House, which I iare is the location of the Britishers 'camponent.'

"It must be about five miles then, to the Paper Mill Run on the Wissahiken?"

"Just the same, Cap'in."

"It you think it will be possible, Sergeant, to pass the British lines, and reach the Run within an hour's time?"

"Possible and impossible, Cap'in, just as you take it. If you take the bed of the Wissahiken, and pass the Britishers' under cover of the brushwood long enough, I think I can manage it, but if we go by the road, we'll be cotched. If you try any other ways—that's what I call impossible, and you'll not succeed, but you will get shot. But what is that thing beaten' and scrapin' yonder?"

Herbert looked in the direction pointed out by the Sergeant, and discovered a singular figure, hovering and gesticulating after a most curious fashion, at the distance of some twenty paces, directly in the centre of the lane, in front of the Rangers' pathway. On approaching nearer to this singular figure, it resolved itself into a short, broad shouldered negro, with an excessively black face, flat nose, thick lips and prominent chin, large eyes with very small pupils, and very large 'whites' lips and shin-bones of tremendous prominence, feet of colossal size, and the individual was a grotesque in outline, and as ludicrous as prepossessing in character.

Of course Frederick replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were concluded, the carriage drew up at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Waldham, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. This was a fortune but a few moments previous to the family of French origin. Her expressive beauty charmed Frederick. The singular and delightful himself could be more than he was. Frederick had gained his wish, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and in the course of a few months, Frederick became established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She was a rich and prudish widow, was smoothed by adversities; but she was, however, they disappeared, giving way to the light of prosperity. The presence of a handsome young man of fashion, and of a most delightful companion, soon brought the fair lady to look favorably upon Frederick; and he, in his turn, soon found himself becoming attached to the little girl, whose beauty and sweetness of disposition were the theme of every tongue. Frederick was a thoughtful young man, and he could not help contrasting the fortunes of the two females, who were the objects of his attentions. Lady Melton was rich, and she was surrounded by all the luxuries of life, and by all the attentions of fashion; while Ellen, the poor orphan, was dependent upon the charity of her relations, and was treated by them with coldness and neglect. Frederick

When he was gone, Laura rose up—"The last links are broken," said—"We were all free." "Not that's true," and several other pretty scraps of that sort; and then she made up her story how it flew the nest, and Laura said "The bird came to bless," and "The Bird of Liberty." She had prepared a pair of wings for it, and when they were unbound Laura sang a song, and would not have a single tear in sight. After that was over for a little while, Laura sat in place, and put on appetite for dinner.

I knew she wanted to paint how my Lizzy and I enjoyed our meal. We were quite silent; and every instant that the entrance door opened I trembled when she imagined on cutting off her sleeve, and making me eat it. I knew him also to imagine how delightful the interval between dinner and tea was compared. Nuts and wine by themselves are pleasant enough, but when we partake of them with those we love, they are exquisite. Sometimes we had a double nut, and then one would make the other (on half of it) now I called Laura to take another glass of port, saying "Come,now, Tibby, you shall, it will do you good;" and then she would insist on feeding me with almonds and raisins. It was very pleasant indeed, very.

At last tea-time came. "Look here, Timbledon," said Laura; "now, darky, how nice." With that she removed a cloth, that concealed four plates of the finest natives, "I have," she continued, "you would like something else with your tea."

"Thee, dear," I declared, pressing the edge of my right hand against that of Laura; "I can't—I can, indeed."

"Oh, fiddle! Now, Timbledon, you shall. Low! Laura; she set in wholesome, you know (Laura'll love), open your mouth. There."

I did as I was bid, and really the natives were so delicious, that I would on swallowing one after another, until with some little entrance from Laura, the whole were demolished.

The tea-things being taken away, we wheeled the sofa up to the fire; and, feeling as if I could like to go to sleep, I reposed my head on Laura's lap, and then delightfully followed, was fast sinking into slumber, when presently I felt—oh! such a pain in the chest." I could not suppress the exclamation of pain.

"You are ruled grandmother, girl, to scream at terror. Oh! how you're frightened us! What is the matter?"

"Oh! Laura!" I answered, "I have such a pain in my chest."

"Goodness gracious, Jim! how ill you look! Oh, dear! let me ring and send for a doctor. Do, pray! And she rushed towards the bell.

"No, dear," I said, "give me a spoonful of brandy. I'm only a spasm, that I am subject to. I shall be better presently."

The sweet creature brought me as I desired, and I swallowed nearly half a tea-cupful.

"Now, Jim," said she, when, casting a little to myself again, I spoke, "is—is—I am sure you have caught cold. Do you know I am afraid those nasty natives that you put on this morning were not true. You don't look well at all. You don't indeed."

"I rather think, dear, I must have caught cold, or something of that sort. What could it be else?"

"Why, then, Tootsicums," you shall see me make you some rum and honey; and then put little nuts under the water, and go to bed like a good boy; and then to-morrow you'll be all well again?"

Who could have refused to take such effective advice, even if force had been so much as thought of? The hot water was fetched in, and placed before the fire (warm indeed!), upon wrapping her up in her flannel dressing-gown, and binding my head with a silk handkerchief, Laura putting me on one of her caps "ready for bed or—to." There she mixed the rum and honey, and made me drink it down hot, which I would not do, however, till she had first had some of it herself. To these I sat, with my feet in the tub, and the table, with a spoon in it, in my hand; my Laura sitting before me on a little stool, and removing the hot water from time to time from the kettle; and she thought that it would weaken me to remain where I was much longer. The day having been thus duly profitably spent, (my slight indisposition at the close of it being more than counterbalanced by the pleasure which I derived from Laura's fond solicitude), my Tibby and her Tootsicums bade a tender adieu to their pet-lamb.

Bentley's Miscellany.

TO THE EDITOR OF BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

(PRIVATE.)

1st April, 1842.

SIR—If my wife, who has given me a good deal of trouble, and for whose engagement I have been obliged to state publicly that I am not responsible, should call at your office, and claim any rent will with money for the paper, entitled "My Honey Moon, sent you some time ago, pray be so good as not to let her have it. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PRAYER OF THE ENGLISH.

There is a cry upon the earth,
A cry of want and woe,—
It rises from our cities vast,
From home lone and low;
Where toil our commerce hales waste,
Where hell our commerce hales waste,
Where fevers fell of restless greed
Ascends the still unanswered prayer—
Give us our daily food.
The snare of wanted youth is there,
Of childhood early robbed,
Of famine ruined homes and hopes,
Which these can ne'er unfold;
Of age, upon whose downward way
No genial light doth shine,
All—all are blended in the prayer—
Give us our daily bread.
Oh! list and watch the budding spring
Her early warmth displays,
To all the birds and flowers,
The joys of harvest days,
Yet many a score of every kind
Hath been above the cloud
Then let the living share it too—
Give us our daily bread.
O! call it misery not absurd
The second defying wail,
And once may watch the merry-eyed,
Though not the lordly hall,
Call of the Corn! shall spare the wretch,
Or blessings, freely shed?
Or look upon the face of hate—
Give us our daily bread.

THE HINDOO WIFE.

"In a small enclosure, behind a miserable hovel, save an Eastern writer, "we saw a woman tied to a stake, and a man standing over her with an air of stern deliberation, leaning her severely. As each blow of the Sirdi beat upon her naked shoulders, she uttered a painful shriek of suffering. She bore the infliction unmoved, and the punishment was repeated; but at length, goaded to madness by the untiring brutality of her tyrant, she made a sudden spring at his throat, and succeeded in fixing her teeth deeply in his cheek. Enraged at this unexpected attack, he threw her down, and beat her with redoubled ferocity. She now bore the infliction without uttering, fixing her large dark eyes on him with an expression which seemed to say, 'I've paid all my debts—I have had my revenge.' The ruffian threw off the cutting lash, might have been heard a hundred yards: still she did not move a muscle, but sat on the ground calmly enduring the anguish of her wounds, and summoned to kindle and gather strength from her non-resistance. He would have fled from a fire and tempest-tossed sea, for every creature is human from that lowest in whose mother is a coward, who flies from the fate that threatens him or her—but a dead friend. Several persons who were looking with perfect unconcern on this disgusting picture of cowardice and oppression, informed me that it was for some trifling portion of rice that domestic tyrant had taken his rude. Unable to endure the sight of this pertinacious and most disinterested fidelity of the inferior servants to the ravaged Hindoo to request him to leave empty. The moment the woman saw the executioner in her house fastens, she broke from the cords that bound her, and rushing upon my unhappy messenger with the fury of a tortured tigress, she pursued upon him a volley of such unusual abuse for endurance, that I was glad that the New York Society intended, and the man scampered away as if he had been hit by a meteorite, though the rest of the bystanders only smiled. She had no sooner put to flight the intruder, than she returned as a conqueror, went back to the stake, where the man again bound her, and coolly proceeded to thump her to her heart's content.

Long ages of slavery have brought the Hindoo woman to think the passive endurance of ill treatment a virtue and an obligation. She respects her husband in proportion as he makes her feel the rod; and if he did not rigorously exact the most entire submission—if he did not oblige her to treat him as a master, whom she must be watched with fear and trembling, and whose smile must be courted as a reward—impossible to be equal, she would despise him. Nothing will cause an Hindoo woman, except sickness, to neglect her domestic duties; for these consist precisely as much to their treatment. Once in office, as part of the legal ceremony, she must be her lord; but if he were afterwards to permit her to act in his absence, she would consider him to be in proper sense of his own dignity. Were he to suffer her husband to be in taking his own relief, she would cease to respect him. The never-pronounce a word of endearment to her husband, and always calls him "Master," using the words only of her own slaves of the family, when addressing him. She is not held in belong to him as a companion or partner, but as a piece of property, and wishes nothing further. A daughter from its birth is deemed an incumbrance, and its existence hardly tolerated, while a son is the idol and treasure of his mother. Yet to old age that mother is too frequently left to perish from neglect and want. The whole life is a story of wrong and oppression. Such is the social position of women in India. Those are the mothers and the directors of the nation, and the result may be read in her history. A hundred millions of Hindoos belong to a handful of strangers, with the richest soil and the finest climate—starving; with all the elements of wealth and power—poor, abject, and despised. In an immutable law, the moral character of a nation depends on the influence exercised by its females. Indian land, ignorant, superstitious slaves; and children cannot be altogether unlike their mothers.

DRESSING A GOOSE.

In a case for stealing a turkey, the counsellor in the prisoner, examining an Irishwife old lady, thus began:—"Now, Mrs. Wiggins, remember the oath you have taken and its sacred obligations; upon the virtue of that oath, madam, I charge you to answer me without equivocation, whether the bird, alleged to have been stolen by my client, was a goose or a gander." "Why, sir, it is quite impossible for me to say; the goose was cooked—as I should be so bold for me to answer that, or to know whether you, dear, and as you are, are an old man or an old woman!"

U. S. SAT. POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, October 22.

A CARD.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the Saturday Courier of this city, of Messrs. Matthias & Taylor, and also the United States Saturday Post, a publication issued by Messrs. Peter Abel & Company. The immense subscription list of the two concerns they purpose to unite to that of the Saturday Evening Post, which will give them a weekly edition *far surpassing any cotemporary in the United States. The joint circulation of the periodicals issued by the subscribers will now be over* 100,000. They have therefore now effected to accommodate increased expenses to the advantage of the reader, and publish a cheaper paper for the quality than any other established. The paper will hereafter be issued under the title of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE."

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

☞ *Subscribers to either of the papers mentioned, who are desirous of receiving the Post, will promptly remitting the amount due, as we wish to bring up the books at once, and take a fair start. We shall issue one of the front sheets in the Union —but only to subscribers whose promptitude exhibits them to be master of a can accordingly.*

ORIGINAL NOVEL.

We begin, to-day, the publication of an original novel, written expressly for this paper, and founded on incidents which occurred, during the American Revolution, in the vicinity of this city. The scene opens on the night of October 4th, 1777, and is performed in Germantown, where it continues until the story is closed. The whole time occupied is two days. The author is a native of Philadelphia, and to those living in Philadelphia or the vicinity, who are familiar with the ground, will possess extraordinary interest. The story is full of incident and startling suspense, and a *twenty-eight* pound shot placed in the mouth, secured in its position with iron wedges, is fired through the side of the house, and the impression, that the fragments would fly off in a lateral direction, while the ball would remain nearly quiescent. The scene of the principal incidents was a hollow about a quarter of a mile from the village. The train was fired, and to the consternation of all present, it was soon discovered that the shot remained where it was, and that the ball had taken the direction of the town. It struck the ground about forty yards from the barn belonging to Mr. Richard Wistar, glanced upon it, passed through both sides of the roof of the barn about a foot from the top, entered a tack window in the second story of the house, passed through three or a partition into the first room, and through the front of the house, falling a few paces distant. It will be observed that the course of the shot in two cases from the barn to the house was somewhat depressed from its having partially spent. But the most thrilling part of the story remains to be told. George W. Smith, Esq., the representative in the House of Assembly, was a boarder at Mr. Craig's. He and his lady were in the second story of the house, when the cannon ball, and it passed little more than a foot from Mrs. Smith's head, as it line directly above her. Less than one moment's reflection, we shall undertake to finish, and that the ball had taken the direction of the town. It struck the ground about forty yards from the barn belonging to Mr. Richard Wistar, glanced upon it, passed through both sides of the roof of the barn about a foot from the top, entered a tack window in the second story of the house, passed through three or a partition into the first room, and through the front of the house, falling a few paces distant. It will be observed that the course of the shot in two cases from the barn to the house was somewhat depressed from its having partially spent. But the most thrilling part of the story remains to be told. George W. Smith, Esq., the representative in the House of Assembly, was a boarder at Mr. Craig's. He and his lady were in the second story of the house, when the cannon ball, and it passed little more than a foot from Mrs. Smith's head, as it line directly above her. Less than one moment's reflection, we shall undertake to finish, and that the ball had taken the direction of the town.

CASE OF COL. WEBB.

Col. Webb has plead guilty to the indictment against him for going out of the state with the intent to fight a duel. He did this to save his friends from being forced into court as witnesses. He read a long statement to the court, in which he said that he was actuated by no malice against his challenger, but simply acted in accordance with the public opinion which he had not the moral courage to controvert—that public opinion, which is alike arbitrary and cruel, and which, while it denies the privilege of withdrawing from these personal rencontres, at the same time gravely censures all who engage in them. It was with him but a choice of evils. He selected what he deemed the least. The court, on Tuesday, was expected to pass sentence, but refused to do so from defects in the indictment, which refers only to his leaving the State with an *intent* to give or receive a challenge to fight a duel, omitting the important fact that is an indispensable with such intentions the duel was to be fought. The Recorder commended that notwithstanding the plea of guilty, the Court had no power to inflict the punishment under an indictment which could not be sustained. If a mandamus is issued from the Supreme Court the case can be argued. Sessions Gl. Webb, on the same with two foreigners of the exhibition.

A GENEROUS BRIDEGROOM.

The Rochester Democrat tells a story of a young German residing in one of the beautiful village near that place, who had fallen heir to an estate of some $18,000, consisting in part of a liking unto his bed and board one that might prove an help-meet for him. A clergyman was accordingly summoned in the first to unite the parties in the holy bonds of matrimony. He read a long prayer to the spirit at the appointed time, and after joining two hearts in one, according to the sacred rite of his order, was about to take his pen, when he was stopped by the happy bridegroom, who thrust into his hand a current safety-fund one dollar note; just twenty-five cents more than the law allows. This contemplated generosity ought to be commended to all young men who are about to become Benedicts. There is nothing like having things done cheap. We suppose the groom was afraid that, if he paid more, his fortune would soon be dissipated, remembering the old couplet.

"Love in a hut, on water and a crust,
Is—love forgot—as cowslips—sallets, dust."

CHINESE BARBARITY.

The cruelty of the Chinese to prisoners proves how much reliance on the subjects of "The Emperor of the Sun and Moon" are. We lately described a cage in which they imprisoned an English lady, who had become crazy from grief. Not long ago an unfortunate seamen of a British ship wandered into the hands of a party of Chinese villagers, who immediately cut off his knee-pans. But our limits will not permit us to extract all this that they were *solid-headed*—that is, he pin and head were one and indivisible. The pins were twice the stiffness of the English, and the pivots improved. The purchase was made from Gen. Chenowith, Esq., of Chambersburg, at about twenty-two dollars each. The cost of the whole was $1,000, and those who commenced the undertaking, consisting of fifty-four families, now residing on the land, have already realized more than one hundred per cent. upon their investment last year, paid $60 for each ticket: those now on their way pay $100, and the remaining twenty-seven families who will follow next year, will pay $120 for a ticket—the latter will benefit by the experience of three years, draw an equal proportion of value in land, the deficiency being made up in money. Each share is laid out in forty acres of land, on which is a log house, and a small stable, &c. Each building, each family or individual will receive what has been allotted to him by the drawing, and the company will be dissolved.

SINGULAR ESCAPE.

A little girl, about twelve years old, fell into the race of the Union Factory, Ellicott's Mills, near Baltimore, on Tuesday week. A young man, named Lotz, perceiving her fearful situation, plunged into the stream to her rescue. Both were carried down, but they were both carried swiftly towards the water gate, when the young man was compelled to loose his hold of the girl to save himself. She was thus left to the mercy of the current, and was carried down to the factory, where she was taken out by the hands employed there, apparently lifeless. Dr. Hall, who was called to give correct instruction to the child.

Second. That he cannot force it to adopt opinions contrary to the dictates of his own judgment, but he has a right to its time and its attention during its minority, for the purpose of enabling him to make the efforts necessary to render him as a father. "to train it up in the way it should go."

Third, That he may not compel it to act in opposition to his conscience, but has a number of any intelligent denomination, but after it has been initiated, with its own free will, into the religious communion in which its parents belong, he has a right to require that it, during its legal infancy, from violating the religious obligations incurred in its behalf by placing itself under the religious control of others whose opinions it does not meet with its parent's approval.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A singularly narrow escape from death was made by a Mrs. Smyth, in Belvidere, N. J., on Friday week, under the following circumstances. Early in the morning, the chief of three buildings adjacently connected at Mr. Kenyon's foundry of that place. It proved defective, and an effort was made to close works age to prevent the loss of the whole. Mrs. Smyth was one of those living in Philadelphia or the vicinity, who are familiar with the ground, will possess extraordinary interest. The story is full of incident and startling suspense, and a *twenty-eight* pound shot placed in the mouth, secured in its position with iron wedges, is fired through the side of the house, and the impression, that the fragments would fly off in a lateral direction, while the ball would remain nearly quiescent. The scene of the principal incidents was a hollow about a quarter of a mile from the village. The train was fired, and to the consternation of all present, it was soon discovered that the shot remained where it was, and that the ball had taken the direction of the town. It struck the ground about forty yards from the barn belonging to Mr. Richard Wistar, glanced upon it, passed through both sides of the roof of the barn about a foot from the top, entered a tack window in the second story of the house, passed through three or a partition into the first room, and through the front of the house, falling a few paces distant. It will be observed that the course of the shot in two cases from the barn to the house was somewhat depressed from its having partially spent. But the most thrilling part of the story remains to be told. George W. Smith, Esq., the representative in the House of Assembly, was a boarder at Mr. Craig's. He and his lady were in the second story of the house, when the cannon ball, and it passed little more than a foot from Mrs. Smyth's head, as it line directly above her. Less than one moment's reflection, we shall undertake to finish, and that the ball had taken the direction of the town. It struck the ground about forty yards from the barn belonging to Mr. Richard Wistar, glanced upon it, passed through both sides of the roof of the barn about a foot from the top, entered a tack window in the second story of the house, passed through three or a partition into the first room, and through the front of the house, falling a few paces distant. It will be observed that the course of the shot in two cases from the barn to the house was somewhat depressed from its having partially spent. But the most thrilling part of the story remains to be told. George W. Smith, Esq., the representative in the House of Assembly, was a boarder at Mr. Craig's. He and his lady were in the second story of the house, when the cannon ball, and it passed little more than a foot from Mrs. Smyth's head, as it line directly above her. Less than one moment's reflection, we shall undertake to finish, and that the ball had taken the direction of the town.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The biennial exhibition of the Franklin Institute opened on Tuesday, in this city, at the saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, and has since been thronged, especially in the evening, by crowds. The immense hall presents a magnificent appearance, for the various articles on exhibition are arranged in the form of the letter U, and the lamps, and from the workshop, are arranged with unusual taste, and form a display more brilliant than $18,000, connected with it. Taking unto his bed on the right of the vestibule in front. You pass down the north side of the room about half its depth, between the tables on which the goods are spread out, and then turn to the right. Running down the middle of the room are other ranges of tables, with passages of each end, several which fill compactly more, and afterwards make the passage on the south side, and second the stage on the east extremity of the hall. Continuing across the stage to the south side and descending, egress is made into the yard.

About one half of the area of the room is occupied by the tables. The street in the rear of Peale's Museum has been enclosed for a yard, in which the heavier articles such as stoves, carriages, &c., are exhibited. But the most beautiful feature of the exhibition is in the centre of the saloon, where around the fountain, rises up a circular table of cut glass. Numerous specimens of silk are placed over the fountain. Mrs. Lanahan, 32 S. Second street, has exhibited 100 pounds of woven silk and sewing silk, of various colors, and Mrs. Lanahan, 32 S. Second street, has numerous articles in the gallery, at the west end of the room, the walls of which are covered with specimens of paintings, chiefly landscapes. The variety of the cotton goods is on exhibition. The carriage and harness manufactured for Lord Ashburton are also here on his knee-pans. But our limits will not permit us to extract all this that they were *solid-headed*—that is, he pin and head were one and indivisible. The pins were twice the stiffness of the English, and the pivots improved. The purchase was made from Gen. Chenowith, Esq., of Chambersburg, at about twenty-two dollars each. The cost of the whole was $1,000, and those who commenced the undertaking, consisting of fifty-four families, now residing on the land, have already realized more than one hundred per cent. upon their investment last year, paid $60 for each ticket: those now on their way pay $100, and the remaining twenty-seven families who will follow next year, will pay $120 for a ticket—the latter will benefit by the experience of three years, draw an equal proportion of value in land, the deficiency being made up in money. Each share is laid out in forty acres of land, on which is a log house, and a small stable, &c. Each building, each family or individual will receive what has been allotted to him by the drawing, and the company will be dissolved.

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

There are no emigrants who come to this country, who exert the Germans in all the requisites that are demanded in good citizens, for none surpass them in industry, frugality, and perseverance. Large numbers of them have lately arrived from Europe. A company of them were, a few days since, encamped at Hazard, Md., a place which is about two miles from Havre de Grace, one hundred and twenty-three miles from Baltimore. There were twenty-seven families, numbering one hundred and forty persons. They had purchased forty thousand acres of land, in Hardy and Hampshire counties, Va. We are told that the land is fertile, about three thousand acres of which is already improved. The purchase was made from Gen. Chenowith, Esq., of Chambersburg, at about twenty-two dollars each. The cost of the whole was $1,000, and those who commenced the undertaking, consisting of fifty-four families, now residing on the land, have already realized more than one hundred per cent. upon their investment last year, paid $60 for each ticket: those now on their way pay $100, and the remaining twenty-seven families who will follow next year, will pay $120 for a ticket—the latter will benefit by the experience of three years, draw an equal proportion of value in land, the deficiency being made up in money. Each share is laid out in forty acres of land, on which is a log house, and a small stable, &c. Each building, each family or individual will receive what has been allotted to him by the drawing, and the company will be dissolved.

AMERICAN PINS.

Do our readers know that better pins are now manufactured in America than in England? At the Franklin Institute, in the saloon of "The Emperor of the Sun and Moon" are. We lately described a cage in which they imprisoned an English lady, who had become crazy from grief. Not long ago an unfortunate seamen of a British ship wandered into the hands of a party of Chinese villagers, who immediately cut off his knee-pans. But our limits will not permit us to extract all this that they were *solid-headed*—that is, he pin and head were one and indivisible. The pins were twice the stiffness of the English, and the pivots improved. The purchase was made from Gen. Chenowith, Esq., of Chambersburg, at about twenty-two dollars each. The cost of the whole was $1,000, and those who commenced the undertaking, consisting of fifty-four families, now residing on the land, have already realized more than one hundred per cent. upon their investment last year, paid $60 for each ticket: those now on their way pay $100, and the remaining twenty-seven families who will follow next year, will pay $120 for a ticket—the latter will benefit by the experience of three years, draw an equal proportion of value in land, the deficiency being made up in money. Each share is laid out in forty acres of land, on which is a log house, and a small stable, &c. Each building, each family or individual will receive what has been allotted to him by the drawing, and the company will be dissolved.

A REMOVAL.

Our friends of the Saturday Courier have at length emigrated, as it were, from the country into the town, having left their old stand in Dock street, and pitched their tent nearly opposite our own office, in Chestnut street. It was stop, neighbors; and, as the old proverb says, better late than never. Of the two we weekly and monthly periodicals, we were the pioneers into Chestnut street. First followed Godey, then McMichael, then Alexander, and now McMakin & Holden—for all whom, including ourselves, we wish long life and plenty of subscribers!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Deeper grows the tragedy! The lectures of Dr. Lardner reported in our columns of to-day, abound in fearful and thrilling interest—the events narrated being the same known in history as the "Bonnet Rouge"—Robert Buck of the Tuileries, Massacre of the Swiss Guards, imprisonment of the Royal Family—the Massacres of September, 1792, and the murder of the Princess of Lamballe.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A legal decision of great interest has lately been made in Boston, involving the right of a father to restrain a child, being a minor, from professing any religious tenets which do not meet with the parent's approval. The case was that of a child of Mr. Lincoln, a Baptist minister named William S. Hall, having baptized a young lady named Lincoln, against the wishes of her father, who is a Unitarian. The child, Miss Lincoln, is a Presbyterian, the father however insisted, and obtained personal violence to the extent of a writ of habeas corpus, which was issued by Judge Abel A. Robinson. The learned judge, after hearing counsel on both sides, decided that the child was not of sufficient age to choose for herself, and remanded her to the custody of her father. In the course of his remarks, Judge Robinson, on account of the peculiar circumstances of the case, laid down the following principles, which he has not rendered the compliment, Mr. Hall, *to pay to society the proper restraint, because he had instructed and baptized the minority of the child*, which he held down these points in his decision:

First, That the authority of the father over the child is paramount to all others, and is derived from the laws of nature and education. These cannot be performed without the authority to command and to enforce obedience. The term *education* is applied to the ordinary instruction of the child in the principles of literature. It comprehends a proper regard to the moral and religious sentiments of the child. In the discharge of this duty, it is the undoubted right of the father to designate such *books*, either of religion or literature, as he shall think calculated to give correct instruction to the child.

Second. That he cannot force it to adopt opinions contrary to the dictates of his own judgment, but he has a right to its time and its attention during its minority, for the purpose of enabling him to make the efforts necessary to render him as a father. "to train it up in the way it should go."

Third, That he may not compel it to act in opposition to his conscience, but has a number of any intelligent denomination, but after it has been initiated, with its own free will, into the religious communion in which its parents belong, he has a right to require that it, during its legal infancy, from violating the religious obligations incurred in its behalf by placing itself under the religious control of others whose opinions it does not meet with its parent's approval.

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Croton Celebration.

LETTER FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY.

Yesterday was a jubilee here, and the Croton water was introduced into the city. The ceremonies were on a grand scale, and were attended by thousands. All the fire companies of the parish, all that I believe, were in attendance, and the display was very fine. The procession was formed in Broadway, and passed through the principal streets of the city, and then I believe, to the Reservoir, where the water was let on. The display of the fire companies was very fine, and the enthusiasm of the men was unbounded. Cheering, while the lusty lungs of firemen could utter it, was continually resounded, and the display was very fine. The display of the fire companies was very fine, and the enthusiasm of the men was unbounded. Cheering, while the lusty lungs of firemen could utter it, was continually resounded, and the display was very fine.

STEAMER MERCHIANT LOST.

The steamer Merchant, from New Orleans to Galveston, was lost on Monday the 3rd inst., by springing a leak and sinking on a low island near the entrance of Galveston Bay. Fifteen souls were lost in consequence of this disaster. The majority of the crew, being on the forecastle deck, were saved, but the captain, mate, and a number of passengers, all of whom were in the cabin, were lost. The steamer went down in deep water, in a few minutes after striking. A quantity of specie was on board, which was also lost. The vessel was owned by Messrs. Allen, of New York, and was insured for $30,000. The Merchant was a fine vessel, and was built in 1838. She was 150 feet keel, 160 feet between the wheels, and 1,000 tons burthen.

Foreign Intelligence.

TWO SHIPS ARRIVED.

SIX DAYS LATER NEWS.

By the arrival of the packet ship Independence at New York, on Wednesday, we have news from the other side to the 1st inst., inclusive. The Independence sailed from Liverpool on the 15th ult., and brought out a large number of passengers, and a full cargo of merchandise. She had a fine run across the Atlantic, and was boarded by a pilot when within sight of Sandy Hook. She was also spoken by a vessel bound to Liverpool, which had been dismasted in a gale, and had put back to New York. The Independence encountered the same gale, but escaped with the loss of her jib-boom, and a few sails, which were blown away.

The British line-of-battle ship the "Superbe," was wrecked on the 17th September, on a reef of rocks, near Vancouver, near Chesterwood, and became a total loss.

The Paris Commerce of the 24th ult. asserts on the authority of a Washington correspondent, that immediately after the conclusion of the late treaty with Great Britain, the American cabinet had addressed a circular to the French Chargé d'Affaires, declaring that although the Union were willing to cooperate with all the powers to enforce upon American citizens the strict observance of its laws against the slave-trade, it no justified and its last consent to search any American foreign nation to exercise a right of sovereignty its land American insurance.

The Courier de la Gironde publishes a letter from a Bordeaux merchant, complaining that by the new American Tariff the duties on French brandies are raised to 65f per gallon, which is an increase of 30 per cent., which amounts to an actual prohibition, and will deprive the two departments of the Gironde and Charente of a market for their wines. The Duke de Broglie has addressed a circular to the prefects of all the wine districts of wine admitting, whilst the highest duty imposed by the same tariff on British manufactures, is but 40 per cent.

The Markets.

Liverpool Cotton Market, Oct. 1.—Today's sales of cotton has been estimated at 6000 bales, and the sales amount to only 5000 bags, which consist of various descriptions, including 300 or 400 Surat. It is said that 3000 bales have been taken on speculation of the market, but prices are without alteration. No change for a week.

Oct. 3.—Tuesday's demand for cotton has been moderate, and the sales amount to only 3000 bags, which consist of various descriptions. The market is dull, being greatly favored by the high wind blowing. We regret to state that the dreadful occurrence has already occurred which we apprehended from the state of the wind. The following is a list of the vessels which have been driven on shore:

Steamers—Captain Bayles, W. Bonds, mate; J. G. Day, clerk; M. C. Keyes, 2d do.; Charles Bennet, 1st engineer; James Mc Cullough, 2d do.; Thomas Carpenter; Samuel Nail, steward; Joseph Bonds, watchman; R. Thomas, Wm. Brown, Wm. Jones, Wm. Green, John Rogers, Samuel Wilson, Charles Baker, George Williams, Washington Shaw, John Clark, Benjamin Ellis, Peter Jackson, Joseph Hamilton, Wm. Leonard, John Ryan, E. Cotton, 2 Mate, T. Tyson.

Persons Arrested.—Captain Bayles, A. B. Bain, R. N. Whitehall, T. Bayles, Wm. Bonds, J. G. Day, C. Cressy, John G. Day, John Milliken, G. Brown, Lt. Robert Child and servant, P. Thompson and lady, Mr. Dyne and servant, Mrs. Poole, Mr. Skinner, C. Keys, J. F. Bennet.

Wm. Leonard, a deck hand, was drowned; James Maher, fireman, do.; J. S. White, Susie Fe steamer, Mr. Ellis, engineer also lost. The number of saved was 70. Wm. Leonard, John Ryan, E. Cotton, 2 Mate, T. Tyson.

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Wm. Leonard, a deck hand, was drowned; James Maher, fireman, do.; J. S. White, Susie Fe steamer, Mr. Ellis, engineer also lost. The number of saved was 70. Wm. Leonard, John Ryan, E. Cotton, 2 Mate, T. Tyson.

MR. BIDDLE'S SPEECH.

The speech of Mr. Biddle, as President of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, at the late cattle show, was excellent. He recommended particularly the cultivation of the best breeds of cows, sheep and swine. "It is idle," he said, "to suppose that anything else, the best at, after all, the cheapest, and the difference in the first cost of a good and a bad animal is not much to be regretted. It will be repaid upon the same food, year after year." The cultivation of roots, such as turnips, sugar beets, rata bags, mangel wurzel, and carrots, he said, was one of the chiefs of the last importance,—for England, since her resort to the rest cultivo, has doubled, if not quadrupled her power of supporting cattle. This is a point in economy which, hereafter, may be of vital importance to us. The best farming is that which will give the greatest amount of produce with the least expense

U. S. SAT. POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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Notices of New Works.

HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By Mrs. Stech. Philip and his Generals. By Charlotte Elizabeth. Root Island. By Samuel Willoughby. Alice Bunker. By Charlotte Elizabeth. Chemistry Civilized. By John Angell James. The Power of Prayer. By Charlotte Elizabeth. The Flower of Innocence. By Charlotte Elizabeth. Moral Tales. By Richard Merry. Among the pleasures of custom, is that of giving on the later holidays of the year, gifts from friends to friends, from the aged to the young, from parents to their children. Indeed it has been common on Christmas, on New Years, on birth-days, etc. to present to young people suitable collections of books, calculated to improve their minds and their hearts. Several admirable works have been published to meet the demand that occasioned. Those named by Mr. John S. Taylor, of New York, seems to us to be the best. Of the works composing it we have given the titles above. Archbishop Williams and John Angell James. The first has been favorite authors with both old and young. Charlotte Elizabeth's works are not less attractive in their style and not less calculated to improve the heart. Neale's Heroines of Sacred History is one of the most interesting and chastely written books we have read in a long time, and would delight old as well as the rest. Altogether, it would be difficult to assemble eight volumes more appropriate for a young person's library. They are elegantly and substantially bound, embellished and bound, and in size are fit for the pocket or the reticule.

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The Last Days of Pompeii.—The sixth number of Harper's Library of select Novels, by Bulwer's celebrated romance, *The Last Days of Pompeii*—equal, probably, in all respects, to any of the productions of the author. It is for sale by Burgess, No. 3 Ledger Building.

The Elections.

PENNSYLVANIA

Two tables of the political complexion of the Legislature of Pennsylvania for the ensuing session—one of the Senate and one of the Speaker. They differ in no material point, and only vary in the returns of one or two districts. We are not able, as yet to say which is correct, but as they agree in independent candidates, who have been elected, are claimed by both parties, and in this consists their difference. The following table is from the Reporter

SENATE.

	Dem.	Whig.
Senators holding over,	11	11
Philadelphia City,	0	1
Philadelphia County,	1	0
Lycoming, Northumberland, Centre and Clinton,	0	1
Montgomery, Chester and Delaware,	1	0
Lancaster and York,	0	2
Dauphin and Lebanon,	0	1
Perry, Mifflin, Juniata, Union and Huntingdon,	1	0
Westmoreland,	1	0
Washington,	0	1
Fayette and Greene,	1	0
Jefferson, M'Kean, Warren, &c.	1	0
	19	14

Democratic majority, 5.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

	Dem.	Whig.
Philadelphia County,	8	0
Philadelphia City,	2	0
Adams,	2	0
Bedford,	1	0
Berks,	3	0
Centre,	1	0
Chester,	0	3
Columbia,	0	1
Cumberland,	1	0
Dauphin,	1	0
Delaware,	1	0
Franklin,	1	0
Lancaster,	0	6
Lebanon,	0	1
Lycoming, Clinton, &c.,	1	0
Montgomery,	3	0
Northampton and Monroe,	1	0
Northumberland,	1	0
Perry,	0	1
Pike and Wayne,	1	0
Tioga and Potter,	1	0
Schuylkill,	1	0
Susquehanna,	1	0
Washington,	0	2
Westmoreland,	2	0
Mercer,	2	0
Butler,	1	0
Beaver,	0	2
Crawford,	2	0
Luzerne and Wyoming,	1	0
Lehigh,	1	0
Huntingdon,	0	2
Allegheny,	0	3
Erie, (estimated)	0	2
Somerset and Cambria,	2	0
Indiana, Cottonwood,	1	0
Jefferson, Warren and M'Kean,	1	0
Armstrong,	0	1
Bucks,	2	0
	55	38

Democratic majority in House, 24.

Recapitulation.

	Dem.	Whig.
Senate,	19	14
House of Representatives,	55	38
	74	52

Democratic majority on joint ballot, 22.

OHIO.

The correct returns from Ohio have not yet all reached us, but from the most accurate accounts we have received from that Shannon (Dem.) is elected Governor by a majority of between 3000 and 4000 votes. Of the twenty-six remaining members of the two Houses, who were candidates for a re-election, to the Senate of the House, twenty-one have been elected. The Senate will have 22 Democrats to 14 Whigs; the House 41 Democrats to 31 Whigs. Democratic majority on joint ballot 18. The chief loss to the Whigs has been in the Reserve—the greatest gain to the Democrats in Wayne, Stark, Holmes and Columbiana.

NEW JERSEY.

The complete returns for *New Jersey* show the following result.

	Council. W.	D.	Assembly. W.	D.
Bergen,	1	1	2	
Hudson,				2
Passaic,	1	2		
Essex,	1	2		
Morris,	1	1	2	
Sussex,			1	
Middlesex,	1	1	2	
Somerset,			1	
Hunterdon,				
Mercer,	1	2		
Burlington,			1	
Monmouth,			1	5
Ocean,				
Gloucester,				
Salem,	1	1	3	
Cumberland,			1	
Atlantic,				
Cape May,	1	1		
	7	11	13	7

A majority on joint ballot of 6 for the Whigs.

GEORGIA.

Three remain twelve counties to be heard from. The result in eight counties show an average gain, with only one exception, on Governor's election last year, of the Whig and State Right's Ticket of 1382 votes. Mr. Haralson has run in advance of the ticket, gaining over 800 votes, the lowest upon the Democratic ticket, when compared with last year's election, 1948 votes. The counties to be heard from, gave Governor M'Donald last year a majority of 2337 votes. The majority in the Legislature for the Democrats, will not vary five votes, from that of last year—42 upon joint ballot. There is no doubt of the election of the Democratic Congressional ticket.

PHILADELPHIA.

The results of the election in Philadelphia City and County, which we gave from rumor last week, have proved, since the publication of the official returns, to be substantially correct. We refer to our Native's Revenge of Sacred History in one of the most interesting and chastely written books we have read in a long time, and would delight old as well as the rest. Altogether, it would be difficult to assemble eight volumes more appropriate for a young person's library. They are elegantly and substantially bound, embellished and bound, and in size are fit for the pocket or the reticule.

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General News.

☞ On Saturday last, as the passenger train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, when near Hagerstown, was passing close to the turnpike several of the hind wheels of the passenger coaches, and several were thrown off the track; the engine having come into contact with a stone, which could not have been placed in the track by any other cause, owing to the necessary shortness of the curve a that place. A colored man, a laborer in the employ of the company, was killed, and several others have caught from the locomotive and the tender; Mr. Galway, the engineer, had his thigh slightly scalded. The firemen was thrown by the concussion some distance, and received no more than a slight injury by the fall. The passenger cars were not thrown off the track, and though their occupants were considerably frightened, none of them received any injury whatever.

☞ The last Tennessee Review states that the grand jury of Campbell county, Tenn., has found a true bill against George Smith, John H. Todd, John Duke, James Pearce, and Lenry Brown for the murder of a slave belonging to John Miller. They had all got into a drunken spree, and under the influence of liquor, entered the negro into a loft and hung him *for fun*, intending to cut him down in a moment or two before life should ensue. Their drunken frolic was carried too far—the negro died, and a similar death awaits the perpetrators of the act, and justly do they deserve it.

☞ The editor of the N. Y. Tattler witnessed a display of the powers of the Paichan gun at Castle Garden on Tuesday week. He says that a target was erected in the bay; the gun, carrying a 12-pound shot, fired, with a noise more like the bursting of a volcano than the discharge of a cannon—a cloud of smoke enveloping the fort, and the immense shot was seen bounding along the water, striking it in one case six times, at each time throwing up a mass of foam as big as a house; a succession of brilliant pyrotechnics.

☞ The Congress of New Grenada has directed that every coal mine and in every coal district in all its spirits, capable of making half a barrel of spirits at a time, shall pay an excise of thirty dollars per month, and that no other duties shall be collected on it. And that retailers of brandy shall pay sixteen dollars a month, and that a duty of one dollar be laid on every cask manufactured into spirits, and preserved in the money raised by this tax forms a fund to pay the interest on the national debt of New Grenada.

☞ A New England Sth Convention was held at Northampton on the 10th inst. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Amherst, was elected President. A large number of delegates from various parts of the New England States were present, and a very large number practical Silk growers were read, nearly all of them testifying to warm terms to the full success of the experiment. So far so it had been.

☞ At Salem, Mass., on the 14th inst., Mr. Augustine Caldwell, a builder, came to his death under the following melancholy circumstances: He was standing upon a ladder forty feet from the ground, conversing with his partner in business, when he was struck, as it appeared, with some projectile fit, and falling backwards, was precipitated to the ground and killed immediately.

☞ No public celebration at the present time is to take place unless the plans of the are here in their vicinities. At the Croton celebration, New York, *fifteen* of various grades were caught, who had committed depredations upon people's property to the amount of $10,000, a lesson to citizens and strangers never to go into a crowd with a pocket full of money.

☞ When the corner of the new Methodist Church in Baltimore was laid, with the usual stamping ceremonies, a collection was taken up among the congregation in aid of the church. A shoulder of *Mahogany* was passed, handed the plate briskly among the crowd, and having collected something clever, very unceremoniously made off with the "spoils."

☞ Two steamers have commenced at Cincinnati a few days since. In one the forebear of Mr. R. C. Phillips was destroyed, together with several out-buildings, in the other, Mr. Shannon, ship, contained Mahs and Shirt store. Also the premises of Messrs. Donough, and several neighboring properties, valued in all at $10, 000.

☞ Justice Ingersoll, of Detroit, and for many years a resident of Orleans county, New York, committed suicide on Friday night week, by severing the arteries of his arms. He was discovered by pecuniary embarrassments. He was highly respected, and his fall an amiable family to deplore his loss.

☞ Yellow Fever had almost disappeared from Mobile at the latest accounts. On the 9th five cases were reported—on the 11th, one. The cases are confined to the most unhealthy part of the city. The general health had materially improved.

☞ A Mr. Stratton, of Sackett's Harbor, disappeared several weeks since, and serious fears were entertained for him. He was discovered, however, last week. He travelled from his home to Iowa Territory, without being conscious of his whereabouts.

☞ In the possession of New York, on Friday, a Hake was caught in the Mosaic fraternity, which was the identical one on which Washington took the oath of office, when first inaugurated President of the United States.

☞ The Missouri Reporter of the 5th says:—It is rumored that Joe Smith has been arrested and is now in the hands of the proper officers awaiting his trial.

☞ A gentleman at Red Hook, on the Hudson river, recently sold twenty-four hundred barrels of apples, all of his own raising, for $3,000.

☞ The Eastern Railroad will be completed between Boston and Portland, Maine, in the course of a month.

☞ The King of Hanover, who is 72, has contracted a marriage with a widow aged 40.

☞ Five hundred carpenters and joiners in St. Louis are without employment.

Army & Navy.

☞ The United States ship of the line Columbus, from Boston for Gibraltar, was spoken, on their given, in lat. 39.09, lon. 56.32, by the Minerva, at New York.

☞ The United States ship Enterprise, Lieut. Com. Wilson, was at Rio de Janeiro 31st August last, having arrived on the 13th from Montevideo.

☞ The United States ship John Adams, commander Downes, sailed from Rio de Janeiro on the 10th August for Montevideo.

Local Intelligence.

☞ The Wilmington Rifle Corps—fine body of men, with green uniforms, and black leather appointments—arrived in our city on a visit on Monday morning. They were escorted into the city by the Second Company of state Fencibles, Lieutenant Cummings, Captain Faithful, and the Hibernia Greens, Captain Mullin; the whole under the command of Colonel Murray. In the afternoon the Lancaster Fencibles—one of the finest corps in the union—arrived, and were escorted into the city by the Junior Artillerists, Captain Hall, and the Second Troop of Lieutenant Cummings Hunting; the whole under the command of Captain Peter Fox. On Tuesday the Wilmington and Lancaster companies, with a detachment of Philadelphia Grays. On Wednesday they paraded with the Washington Grays, and in the evening attended an entertainment given by Gen. Patterson to the field officers of his division at his mansion. We understand our guests were highly pleased with our visit to Philadelphia.

☞ The Miner's Journal gives the following as the quantity of coal likely to be consumed for 1842.

Schuylkill,	520,000
Lehigh,	360,000
Lackawana,	190,000
Pinegrove,	35,000
Shamokin,	12,000
	1,057,000
Add, quantity remaining over 1st of April, 1842,	100,000
Making tons,	1,157,000

The consumption of coal for the year ending first of April last, was 931,000 tons.

☞ On Monday a large number of our fire companies paraded to welcome the Baltimore temperance delegation from New York. The following was the order of the procession: Hibernia engine, 12 men; Washington hose, 85; Northern Liberty engine, 12; United States hose, 85; Band of music; Hand in Hand engine, 23; William Penn hose, 12; Good Will engine, among whom were the guests, 15; Reliance hose, 85; Lafayette hose, 11; Anacreon engine, 19; Marion hose, 37; Philadelphia engine, 27; Worcaco engine, 25; altogether three hundred and twenty-eight men.

☞ The wooden pavement has been taken up in Chestnut, between Fourth and Fifth streets. On Saturday last the workmen commenced repaving with brick. Several rods were taken up in length, and 12 to 18 inches in length. The latter description of paving has been in use in London for many years, and has been found the most durable, and in the end the cheapest kind of pavement.

☞ The Controllers of the Public Schools, on Saturday last, elected John P. Fraser, Esq., Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Mechanics in the Central High School, in the room of Joseph C. Cresson, Esq., resigned. A better choice could not have been made.

☞ The new Board of Commissioners of Spring Garden, appointed on Saturday, and unanimously elected John H. Dohnert, president.

Political Intelligence.

☞ The Legislature of Tennessee has met, and are acting on the Governor's message. Several bills for the relief of sufferers have been introduced. On the subject of apportionment, both parties professed a desire to meet on the ground of compromise and conciliation, and to act fairly and without intriguing—a course of business of each other in the settlement of preliminaries. Two committees have been raised on the subject—one to confer with the State for Congress, the other for the Legislature. Mr. Douglass, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has resigned his seat in consequence of ill health. Mr. Buchanan (Whig) has elected Speaker by a majority of three votes over Mr. Polk.

☞ A special messenger left New York by the Mail Line on Sunday evening for Mexico, with despatches to our ministers at that place, bearing the government that the Missouri steamer should have gone to Mexico from New York, but she had left for Savannah when the instructions were received.

☞ The New Jersey Legislature will meet at Trenton on the 15th inst. Among its important duties will be the election of a Senator to succeed Senator Nesbitt, and many of the most important State and County officers for five years to come, and the appointment of Congressional Electors.

Grain—Receipts light with a limited demand. A cargo of 4000 bushels Rye sold at 70 cts. per bush. An average of 97½ cts per bushel. Sweet light. Fl. at 90 a 92½ cts per bbl. Corn—Sales of yellow at 52½ cts. Oats—Sales of sound prime at 33a34 cents, and 32 cts. for common.

Provisions—Market quiet and prices are stationary. Whiskey—Prices are stationary—Sales moderate.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, 14th inst.—Beef—Moderate offered, and 200 sold, about 400 of them for New York, at $2.75a3 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—200 offered, 100 sold, and sales made at $6a32 for Dry Cows; $10a for Cows and Calves. Sheep—Moderate offered, and 1400 offered, and all taken, at $1a$2 per 100 lbs. Sheep. Hogs—Moderate offered, and 1000 taken, at $5a5.50 per 100 lbs. Sheep.

New York, 13th inst.—Beeves—1600 including 300 for Penn, offered, and all but 150 sold at $4a5½ per 100 lbs. Cows—25 sold at $18a35. Sheep—sales of many lots at $1.25a$4 each.

Baltimore, 13th inst.—Cattle—The offering of Beef cattle amounted to upwards of 1000 head, from $3 to $4.50 per 100 lbs. Sheep—Sales moderate.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, No. 25 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October, 15, 1842.

MAINE	
Calais bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	
Bank of Portland,	
Damariscotta,	
Kennebec bank,	
Kennebec canal bk.	
Lincoln bank,	
Washington bank,	
Globe bank,	
Huntington co.	
Arnoldine bank,	
Bank of Chenango,	5
Bank of Utica,	5
All solvent banks	par.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	par.
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans,	2
Bank of Bennington,	1
All solvent banks	par.
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	par.
RHODE ISLAND.	
R. I. Central bank,	3
All solvent banks	par.
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	par.
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	par.
Bank of Albany,	par.
North River Bank,	par.
City Trust & Bank,	par.
Mechanics' Bank,	par.
Wool Growers bank failed	
Bank of Clyde,	par.
Far. bk. Seneca co.	20
Bank of New York,	par.
Lafayette bank,	
Bk. of Bar'g.	par.
Dry Dock bank,	1
Bk. of Utica,	par.
Bk. Buffalo,	25
Bank of Auburn,	par.
Com. bk. Buffalo,	25
Bank of Rochester,	par.
Bank of Genesee,	par.
Exchange bk. of Colum.	25
Bank of Hudson,	par.
Com. bk. Albany,	par.
Mechanics' bk. Albany,	par.
Bank of Troy,	par.
Mechanics' and Manufac. bk. Troy,	par.
Commercial bk. Troy,	par.
Mechanics' bk. Troy,	par.
Mechanics' bk. Troy,	par.
Mechanics'

Gems from the Poets.

THE HILL-HOLLOW.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A hollow in the hills. Spring's melting snows
And myriad rain showers, swell the tiny stream
Until it bounds a torrent, sweeping out
A channel, as it tears along its way.
But now, the slender springlet trickles on,
Purling and murmuring with so low a voice,
The whizzing of you humming bird's swift wings,
Spanning gray misty circles round its shape,
Is heard above the prattle; green and sweet
And quiet is the hollow: from the road
Furrow'd with wheels, and beaten hard with feet,
A few short steps will place you in the depth
Of this soft nest of Nature; when the sun
Quivers upon the dust, and on the brow
Borne hot and fierce, and short the panting breath,
With what refreshing coolness does the air
Moisten your lips, and steal amid your hair,
Strengthening your limbs to vigor!
High o'erhead
The yellow bank, scarp'd by the rushing flood,
Dangling with threads of roots, with here and there
The twisted feet of clinging firs, like veins
Bare, bulging from the earth, and bedded stones,
And crown'd with ranks of tall majestic trees,
Casts a black massive shadow half across.
The short, thick emerald grass slopes opposite
In a full graceful curve, to where the rill
Glides in its sparkling dance, with castanets
Made by the pebble-tricklings.
Autumn soon
Brightens the blue, and sunshine bathes with gold
The slope before me. In the faint light airs
The aspen shakes with laughter, but the pine
Scarce moves a tassel, and the maple turns
The pale green backs of its broad scallop'd leaves
Lazily over. All around, I breathe
The scents of ripening things, and when the sounds
Of the leaf whispers cease, I hear, at hand,
The light click of the milkweed's bursting pods,
Showing the glossy satin of the plumes
Close pack'd within, with which it wings its seeds.
The mullein's pillar, tipp'd with golden flowers,
Slim rises upward, and you yellow bird,
Dives to its top: a crested jay has made
That jointed rush a pedestal, and couch'd
Within this thistle's tuft are three bright bees.
A fox's den gapes, shelving, by yon root,
Thick cluster'd o'er with shrubs; this narrow track
Tells where the kine come winding down to drink.
The scene is lovely, yet 'tis but a line
In Nature's glorious book, that all may read
Who seek to do so; strange that men do not,
When all around their path the language lies.
'Tis also, like our blessings, lurking close
Beside the beaten track, on which we move
In all our dim pursuits, and only hid
By some slight veiling screen of circumstance,
Because we lack the knowledge, or are loath
To make the effort that would yield the prize.
Knowledge will come with seeking: circumstance
Will fall before the effort, and the cool
Green beauty of the blessing, when the brow
Burns with the fever-struggle with the world,
And heart and limb are weary in the fight,
The wolfish fight of man with fellow-man
For gold and for ambition, will be ours.—*Gift*—1843.

Popular Lectures.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

CONTINUED.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE III.—THE BONNET ROUGE.

The harmony which appeared to pervade the

From the Magazines

TO A FLYING SWAN AT MIDNIGHT IN THE VALE OF THE HURON.*

BY LEWIS L. NOBLE.

[illegible]

But where art thou!—lost,—spirited away
To bowers of light by thy own dying whispers!
Or does some billow of the ocean-air,
In its still roll around from zone to zone,
All breathless to the empyrean heave thee?—

There is a panting in the zenith—hush!—
The *Swan*—How strong her great wing times the
silence!—
She passes over high and quietly.

Now peals the living clarion anew:
One vocal shower falls in and fills the vale
What witchery in the wilderness it plays!—
Shrill snort the affrighted deer; across the lake
The loon, sole sentinel, screams loud alarm;—
The shy fox barks;—tingling in every vein
I feel the wild enchantment;—hark! they come,
The dulcet echoes from the distant hills,
Like fainter horns responsive; all the while,
From misty isles, soft-stealing symphonies.

Thou bright, swift river of the bark canoe,
Threading the prario-ponds of Washtenung,
Thy day of romance wanes. Few summers more,
And the long night will pass away unwaked,
Save by the house-dog, or the village bell;
And she, thy minstrel queen, her ermine dip
In lonelier waters.
Ah! thou wilt not stoop:
Old Huron, haply, glistens on thy sky,
The chasing moon-beams, glancing on thy plumes,
Reveal thee now, a little beating blot,
Into the pale Aurora fading.

* The river Huron rises in the interior of Michigan, and flows into Lake Erie. Its clear waters gave it the name of its more mighty kinsman, Lake Huron.

Laver's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BAR DINNER.

At nine o'clock the jury retired, and a little afterwards the front drawing-room of the head inn was becoming every moment more crowded, as the door opened to admit the several members of the bar, invited to partake of Mrs. Rooney's hospitalities. Mrs. Rooney's, I say; for the etiquette of the circuit forbidding the attorney to entertain the dignataries of the craft, Paul was only present at his own table on sufferance, and sought out the least obtrusive place he could find, among the juniors and side-dishes.

No one who could have seen the gay, laughing, merry mob of shrewd, cunning-looking men, that chatted away there, would have imagined them, a few moments previously, engaged in a question where the lives of four of their fellow-men hung in the balance, and where, at the very moment, the deliberation was continued that should, perhaps, sentence them to death upon the scaffold.

The instincts of a profession are narrow and humiliating things to witness. The surgeon who sees but in the suffering agony of his patient, the occasional displacement of certain anatomical details, is little better than a savage; the lawyer who watches the passions of hope and fear, distrust, dread and

...so profusely scattered through the land, should have made their impression upon me, is natural enough; and because I have found it easier and pleasanter to tell my reader the machinery of this change in me, than to embody that change itself, is the reason why I have presented before him *tableaux* of life under so many different circumstances, and when, frequently, they had no direct relation to the current of my own fate and the story of my own fortunes.

It is enough of myself to say, that though scarcely older in time, I had grown so in thought and feeling. If I felt, on the one hand, how little my high connexions, and the position in fashionable life which my family occupied, availed me, I learned, on the other, to know that friends, and stanch ones, could be made at once, on the emergency of a moment, without the imposing ceremony of introduction, and the diplomatic interchange of visits. And now to my story.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Humorist.

SONG.

Oh her hair is dark as the midnight wave,
And her eye is like kindling fire;
And her voice is sweet as the spirit's voice
That chords with the seraph's lyre.

But her nails are as sharp as a toasting fork,
And her arms as strong as a bear's;
She pulled my hair and she gouged my eye,
And she kicked me down the stairs.

I've got an eye that's made of glass,
And I've got me a wig that's new—
The wig is frizzled in corkscrew curls,
And the eye is a clouded blue.

She may shake her knuckles full in my face,
And put the lamp to my beard,
And hold the broomstick over my head—
But I'm not a bit afeard.

For I've bound her over to keep the peace,
And I've bought me crab tree cane—
The justice will come, and the constable too,
If she meddles with me again.

My head was a week in the linen cap,
And my eye a month in the patch;
I never thought that the torch of love
Would light such a brimstone match!

☞ The following is cut from the Elizabeth City Phœnix:

Little is the robin, Less am the ren
poor is the writer worse am the pen
the rosy is red the vilet blue
in time they die and so must yu

when this yu see remember me
this lock of hare i youster ware
and now i present it to yu
your friend till death do us part dolly

☞ A celebrated dandy was, one evening, in company with a young lady, and observed her kiss her favorite poodle. He advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown to a dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog while he was a puppy." The fellow took the hint, and was off instanter.

☞ Capt. Parrot was telling Mrs. Fink of his escape from the alligator. "Wasn't he a dreadful looking creature?" inquired the lady with much appearance of sympathy, at the same time wishing the captain in his jaws. "Why, ma'am, I can't say his feeters was regularly beautiful, but there was so much openness when he smiled."

☞ "We often wonder," says the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, "that little boys exhibit so great a reluctance to go to school, when, in fact, the teacher so often contrives to put a *spell* upon them."

The fact is, they have to mind their *P's* and *Q's* too strictly, and sometimes they are pretty severely *ruled*.

☞ A couple of sons of the Emerald Isle meeting one day, after the usual salutations, one said to the other—"Well, Patrick, poor Horton's dead!" (alluding to one of their acquaintances who died suddenly.) "O yes, it's very sickly here; a great many have died this year that never died before!"

☞ A physician, remonstrating with a drunkard, asked him why "he did not limit himself to a certain quantity per diem—set down a stake that thus far and no farther will I go." "I do," replied the drunkard, "but I set the stake so far off that I invariably get drunk before I reach it."

☞ There is a man in this city who has so *high* an opinion of himself that he fancies himself a steeple; and yet he is held in such *low* estimation that he is without a *belle*. The N. O. Picayune said

The Olio.

COURT SCENE.

"Judge, the fellers are all here now; lets open Court!" said a man in a calico suit, (shirt, pantaloons and jacket,) as the door was thrown open, and some twelve or thirteen promiscuous looking persons were marshalled into the old barn.

It was about noon-day, and all the morning had been ornamentally obscured by a soaking shower. The complainant, defendant, witnesses, and all in any way connected with the case, had travelled seven miles to find this only spot in a large region where justice was assumed to be under legal distribution. Into the county court room they came all soaking wet, and nearly every man with the stump of a bad smelling cigar in his mouth. Two or three were very drunk, and lay right down on benches and boxes about the place, to go to sleep. One man had thought enough to kindle a fire, gathering such material as was at hand, and around this the rest of the party gathered to get themselves partially dry. It was a September day, and though not very cold, a dry jacket was more comfortable than a wet one.

"Who opens the case?" said the Judge, as he turned over an empty box made to carry dry goods, and lying useless in a corner of the place.

A fellow standing before the fire, turned round and said, "Why Judge, if you mean that dry good case, it is open already!"

Then there was a laugh, and as the Judge sat down, another man asked him if he was going to keep the prisoner's box all to himself?

The deputy constable then said "the court should be kept in order," ordering, at the same time, Bill Bruce to give him a cigar.

The counsel for the plaintiff next came forward, and was commencing an eloquent address, when the Judge stopped him in a familiar way, expressing an urgent and immediate necessity for a chew of tobacco.

"I doesn't chew, Judge," said the attorney.

"I know you *does*," replied the Judge.

The defendant then stepped forward, and politely supplied the Judge with tobacco.

After this the trial went on, and an accompaniment of most ludicrous incidents prevailed. One of the witnesses when wanted, was so sound asleep on a bench, that the two lawyers and the constable, with their united efforts could'nt wake him. When at last aroused, he told the whole court to go to thunder, and lay down to go to sleep again.

An old sow rooted the door open, and came grunting into court, surrounded by her brood of squealing pigs.

"Drive her out!" was the instantaneous decision of the Judge.

"Have mercy on the widow and fatherless!" exclaimed a hiccupping drunken fellow on a bench.

"Judge," said the counsel for the defendant, "your time I know is precious, as must be the case with so able and valued a member of society. This case is perfectly clear, and I know your learning and lucid intellect pierced through it at the first glance. For me to argue, would be not only a waste of my own time, but an insult to your penetration. Much might be said, but nothing is needed. Before any other Judge I would lay down the rules of law, but where I know they have been deeply studied and wisely understood. I look around me and behold an humble house of logs, yet I see before me the spirit of truth, the unpurchasable distributor of law, and the old tenement rises before my mental vision proud and beautiful as a majestic temple of Justice. Judge, I have a bottle of prime old Monongahela in my pocket; for the respect I bear your character, allow me to make you a present of it."

"*Verdict for the defendant!*" said the Judge.—*Picayune.*

I HAVE NO INFLUENCE.

What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky!

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain drop help to form
The soul refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower!

A NIGHT or two since, the following dialogue was overheard between a fiddler at the English Opera-house and one of the audience (a bald-headed man) in the pit.

Fiddler.—Good evening, sir. Come to see Mr. Carter's lions again? Ha, sir! you are a real patron of the drama. I only wish all London was full of such as you.

Bald-headed Man.—Yes, here I am again; and if the lions are shown for a twelvemonth, here you'll find me every night.

Fiddler.—It does me good to hear you say so, sir. Every night, eh!

Bald-headed Man.—I wouldn't miss one night for any consideration; and I'll tell you the reason: as I am morally certain that some night the lion will bite Carter's head off, I know my luck, *that* would be the very night I was away.

A TENDER HUSBAND.—All who know young Sniffkins know that he married old Miss Betty Blanket for her money—that he cannot touch it till she dies, and that he treats her very badly, on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Sniffkins and the medical man, declared her belief that she was "poisoned," and that he (Sniffkins) "done it." "I did'nt do it," shouted Sniffkins. "It's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor, open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

A GOOD ONE.—The Boston Times says a lady walked into the police office the other day, and asked the clerk if he had any silk and fur cloaks. "No, ma'am," replied the clerk, "we are all fair and above board here—we've no *cloaks*." "I beg pardon, sir," said she, "I really thought this was the celebrated *Pelisse* Office."

THAT BELL.—"Did you ring that bell, Thady?"

"No, sir, I didn't, plase yer honor."

"But you were going to do it, you rascal!"

"No, yer honor; I was goin' to see if it would ring—that's all, yer honor!"

A SHREWD REPLY.—Sir Walter Scott says that the alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies he had ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," said the doctor, "but I have read in history, that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequences of this reply were decisive.

A PUGILIST BY NATURE.—"Say Jim," asked a flat boatman of a broad shouldered Buckeye, who had just performed some practical illustrations of his knowledge in the art of self-defence on the os *frontis* of a sailor on the Levee—"say Jim, have you ever taken lessons in boxin'?"

"Never, never," said Jim, in emphasis, showing the important opinion which he entertained of himself, "fact is you see Bill, it comes just as natural to this coon to fight as it does to a pig to have an obstinate temper. You see, I was born and raised in Licking county, Ohio, and that's how it is that I know how so well to throw in the 'heavy licks.'"

Bill, fearing perhaps for his own personal safety, did not raise any doubts about his friend's conclusion, though he thought his premises rather illogical.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman riding a very sorry horse, asked a negro whom he met, how far it was to a neighboring town, whither he was going. The negro looking at the animal under the rider, with a broad grin of contempt upon his countenance replied, "Wi' dat ar hoss, massa, it's jis fo'teen miles. Wi' a good chunk ob a hoss, seven miles; but if you jis had Massa Jimmy's hoss!—*your's dar now!*"

SPEAKING IN A HURRY.—A messenger arrived in great haste, his eyes starting, and his hair streaming in the wind—at an eastern city some years since—exclaiming at the top of his voice. "The Eliver Olsworth has bi'led her bu'ster! The Eliver Olsworth has b'iled her bu'ster!"

ABORIGINAL.—The name of Alabama belongs to the Muscogee Indian tongue, and signifies "Here we rest." It was the name of an Indian fortress on the Yazoo river.

GREEN.—A foreigner lately purchased a Counterfeit Detector, and returned it, "because it hadn't the names of the counterfeiters in it."

STOLEN.—"When shall we three meet again?" as Graham said to two of his friends over their saw dust pudding.

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